that there was a good deal of movement awkward for a lady to do, and so I was put into it."

" What year was it, Daddy ? "

" God bless me, I must think. . . It must have been about a year after Her Majesty took the throne."

For forty years and nine months old Mr. Howe had acted at the Haymarket Theatre ! When he was first there, the theatre was lighted with oil lamps, and when a lamp smoked or went out, one of the servants of the theatre came on and lighted it up again during the action of the play.

It was the acting of Edmund Kean in " Richard III." which first filled Daddy Howe with the desire to go on the stage. He saw the great actor again when he was living in retirement at Richmond—in those last sad days when the Baroness Burdett-Coutts (then the rich young heiress, Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts), driving up the hill, saw him sitting huddled up on one of the public seats and asked if she could do anything for him.

" Nothing, I think," he answered sadly. " Ah yes, there is one thing. You were kind enough the other day to send me some very excellent brandy. *Send me some more."**

Of Henry Irving as an actor Mr. Howe once said to me that at first he was prejudiced against him because he was so different from the other great actors that he had known.

" 'This isn't a bit like lago,' I said to myself when I first saw him in * Othello/ That was at the end of the first act. But he had commanded my attention to his innovations. In the second act I found myself deeply

interested in watching and studying the development of

[1] This was a favourite story of Henry Irving's, and for that reason alone I think it worth telling, although Sir Squire Bancroft assures rue that stubborn dates make it impossible that the tale shpul4 be tnje.